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INCORPORATED A. D. 1799

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VOLUME 14, PAGES 237-290

JULY, 1909

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# The Poems of Thomas Third Lord Fairfax

From MS. Fairfax 40

In the Bodleian Library, Oxford

BY

EDWARD BLISS REED

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

YALE UNIVERSITY



NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

1909

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## CONNECTICUT ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

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WEIMAR : PRINTED BY R. WAGNER SOHN

#### IV.—THE POEMS OF THOMAS THIRD LORD FAIRFAX.

(From the Bodleian MS. Fairfax 40; formerly MS. Add. A. 120.)

In the annals of England the name of Thomas, third Lord Fairfax, is deservedly illustrious. As a general, he was an intrepid fighter and a skilful commander; in his private life, a man of scholarly tastes, happy in his country estates, which he preferred to the court. Policy and self-advancement were far from his thoughts, despite his great opportunities for aggrandizement; and the simplicity of his character, at which his enemies sneered, was but a proof of his sincerity. To sketch his life in detail is unnecessary, yet his poems will gain significance if, in the briefest manner, we review his interesting career.

The son of Fernandino, second Lord Fairfax, and Mary, daughter of Lord Sheffield, he was born at Denton, Yorkshire, in 1612, of a family long distinguished for its soldierly qualities. In 1620 his grand-father, Thomas, first Lord Fairfax, then a man of sixty, joined, with two of his sons, the single regiment sent by James I to the support of the Elector of the Palatinate. He was obliged to return to England to take part in the Parliamentary elections, but his two sons died at Frankenthal at the head of their troops. Fernandino did not make this campaign, and his father spoke of him as a "tolerable country justice, but a mere coward at fighting"<sup>1</sup>; yet Fernandino took the field against Charles I, and certainly did not deserve this taunt.

The early years of our poet were spent in Yorkshire, and he undoubtedly enjoyed in his first studies the guidance of his great uncle, Edward Fairfax, the translator of Tasso. In 1626 he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he remained four years, and then, following the family traditions, he went to the Low Countries, to serve under Lord Vere against the Spaniards. Another young volunteer in the same camp was Turenne. After witnessing the capture of Bois-le-Duc, he traveled and studied in France for eighteen months, returned to England in 1632, and requested permission to volunteer under Gustavus Adolphus, but his family opposed it, and he retired to the Yorkshire estates to live the life of a country gentle-

<sup>1</sup> *A Life of the Great Lord Fairfax*, by Clements R. Markham, London, 1870, p. 42.

man. In 1637 he married the daughter of his commander, Anne Vere, a woman of energy and courage, who followed her husband to the field, shared his dangers (she was once taken prisoner by the Royalists) and, in no small measure, determined his career.<sup>1</sup>

In the two brief and inglorious Scottish campaigns, Fairfax joined the King's army, but when in 1642 Charles came to Yorkshire to seize the supplies at Hull, and raise troops against Parliament, the Yorkshire gentry who opposed the King looked to Fairfax for leadership. He was entrusted with a formal protest against the King's actions, and, despite repulses, succeeded in laying this document on the royal saddle at Heyworth Moor, where Charles was endeavoring to win over the gentry of the shire. Fairfax thus showed the world on which side he would be found, and in the Yorkshire campaign that followed, he fought with the greatest courage. Undaunted by defeat, fearing no odds, on at least one occasion he attacked a force that outnumbered his own by four to one. When surrounded, he cut his way through the enemy. At Marston Moor he found himself carried by the tide of battle into the thick of the enemy's ranks. Taking from his hat the white badge worn by the Parliamentary forces, he calmly rode through the ranks of the Royalists, regained his troops, and led another attack.<sup>2</sup> So fearless was he that on several occasions he narrowly escaped death. In 1644 a musket-ball pierced his shoulder, another broke his arm. Hardly recovered from these wounds, he was again struck at the siege of Pomfret Castle. His skill as a leader, his bravery in action, had attracted the attention of all England, and in 1645, when but thirty-three years of age, he was made Commander-in-chief of the Parliamentary forces, having as his first task the organization of the New Model army. While in the popular opinion it was Cromwell who was "the leading spirit of the war," to quote Sir Clements Markham, the biographer of Fairfax, "it was Fairfax who organized the new army without the smallest assistance from Cromwell. It was Fairfax whose genius won the fight at Naseby, and whose consummate generalship concluded the war, and restored peace. Cromwell was his very efficient general of horse, but nothing more: and indeed he was generally employed on detached duties of secondary importance."<sup>3</sup> At Naseby, Fairfax was conspicuous for his daring; at the surrender of Oxford, he placed a guard about the

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 108.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 171.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, Preface, p. iv.

Bodleian and saved it from destruction, as he had spared the minster at the siege of York.<sup>1</sup>

With Charles hopelessly defeated, Fairfax was unwilling to depose him, wishing the King to rule, with the constitution safeguarded from encroachments of the crown. He hotly resented the seizure of Charles by Joyce, and through his insistence Charles was allowed to see his friends, and above all, his children—a favor for which he repeatedly thanked Fairfax.<sup>2</sup> In the political intrigues which preceded the execution of Charles, Fairfax took no part; but when the Royalists made a last stand, he laid siege to Colchester, captured the town, and crushed the insurrection. It was at this time that Milton addressed to him his noble sonnet:

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,  
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,  
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,  
And rumours loud that daunt remotest kings,  
Thy firm, unshaken virtue ever brings  
Victory home, though new rebellions raise  
Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays  
Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.  
O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand  
(For what can war but endless war still breed?)  
Till truth and right from violence be freed,  
And public faith cleared from the shameful brand  
Of public fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed,  
While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

Though appointed one of the Commissioners to try the King, Fairfax refused to be present at the trial, and opposed it in vain. Surely there are few more dramatic moments in history than when Lady Fairfax rose in the gallery of Westminster Hall to protest against the trial, and to defend her husband's name. Indeed, so well known was Fairfax's opposition to the execution of the King that Cromwell accused the general of planning to rescue Charles.

In 1650 Lord Fairfax resigned his command, and returned to his estates at Nunappleton. On the death of Cromwell he decided that there would be anarchy unless Charles II returned and ruled. Lambert, with a disciplined army of ten thousand men, was on the

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* p. 271. Fairfax bequeathed to the Bodleian 28 manuscripts. See W. D. Macray: *Annals of the Bodleian Library, Oxford.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 290, 298.

field to oppose Monck, who, with an army of seven thousand, was on the point of declaring for Charles. Though ill and suffering intensely, Fairfax sent word to Monck that he would take the field in support of Charles. When he appeared, Lambert's troops deserted and flocked to their old commander, and thus, without a shot being fired, the Restoration was accomplished. It was fitting that Lord Fairfax should head the commission sent by Parliament to the Hague to invite Charles to return. No honors were conferred on him by the Merry Monarch—he sought none—and he retired to Yorkshire, where he died November 12, 1671, three years before the death of Milton.

It is not surprising that the letters of Fairfax, and his two *Short Memorials of the War*, should have been published, but it is strange indeed that a manuscript of 656 pages of verse, all in his own handwriting, should never have been carefully examined. This manuscript passed from the possession of the Fairfax family, and was owned successively by Ralph Thoresby, the Duke of Sussex, and Dr. Bliss of Oxford, from whose collection the Bodleian library, its present owner, purchased it in 1858. Archbishop Cotton, in his *Editions of the Bible and Parts thereof in English from the year MDV to MDCCCL*, Preface to the second edition, 1852, gave a table of contents of the manuscript, then in the possession of Dr. Bliss, and reprinted one of the paraphrases of the Psalms. Sir Clements Markham, in his *Life of Fairfax*, already cited, went further; for in the text of his work he reprinted three of Fairfax's poems,<sup>1</sup> and in an appendix gave ten more, wholly or in part, but as a historian, interested in the political, and not the literary life of the times, he made no study of the manuscript. Since Markham, I can not find that any one has examined these poems or published them.

We have no means of dating the poems, with the exception of the following:

*Upon the New-built House at Apleton* (1650), *To the Lady Cary upon her Verses on my deare Wife* (1665), *On the Fatal Day* (1649), *Upon the Horse which his Majestie Rode upon att his Coronation*

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Fairfax*, p. 352: *On the Fatal Day*, Jan. 30, 1648; p. 365, *Upon the New-built House at Apleton*: p. 384, *Upon the Horse which his Majestie Rode upon Att his Coronation*. Appendix A, pp. 415–427 contains the following: *Preface to the Psalms*, *Hony dropps* (excerpts), *The Solitude*, *The Christian Warfare* (excerpts), *Life and Death Compared together*, *Shortness of Life*, *Of Beauty*, *Upon a Patch Face*, *Upon an ill Husband*, and two of the *Vulgar Proverbs*.

(1660).<sup>1</sup> As these poems are written down in this order, it will be seen that their position gives no clue to the time of their composition, indeed, the very last poem in the manuscript is an eclogue, *Hermes and Lycaon*, by Edward Fairfax, who died in 1635.<sup>2</sup> If we refer Fairfax's translations from "good old Mantuan" to his student days, the poems certainly cover a period of forty years.

A perusal of the manuscript shows us at once that Fairfax is not a poet, but rather a man of poetic tastes, an admirer of verse. We have, then, no discovery of a neglected genius, and there will be no call for the Complete Works of Thomas Fairfax. It will occasion no surprise, therefore, that we have omitted a considerable amount of his poetry.<sup>3</sup> It will readily be seen that the chief defect in these poems is their poor technique. Fairfax had very little sense of rhythm; at times his ear seems absolutely untrained, and, though a multitude of corrections in the manuscript show how hard he struggled to improve his lines, yet his revisions are generally as awkward as his first rude draft. Few of his poems have any metrical charm, and when in his *Honey Drops* or *Vulgar Proverbs* he seeks to become epigrammatical, he lacks both point and finish. His best writing is seen in such a poem as *David's Lamentation*, or in the straightforward couplets of the *Christian Warfare*; however, it is not for his skill as a writer that Fairfax deserves attention, but for certain conclusions that may be drawn from the subject-matter of his lines.

Fairfax divided his poetry into religious and secular verse, the former occupying 551 pages out of 650, 388 of these being devoted to a metrical paraphrase of the Psalms. From the days of Wyatt and Surrey in England and Clément Marot in France, to "translate" the Psalms, or indeed to turn any part of the Scriptures into verse, was a pastime indulged in alike by the devout and by the profligate. A complete list of English writers who from 1500 to 1700 made metrical versions of any portion of the Bible has never been compiled. It would be a surprisingly large one, and, though Fairfax was a devout man, he was following a literary fashion as well as his own inclination in his paraphrase which offers so little that is

<sup>1</sup> The *Epitaph on A. U. dicing Younge* might be dated, were we sure that V. stands for Vere.

<sup>2</sup> As Markham published this in *Miscellanies of the Philobiblon Society*, vol. 12, 1838-9, I have not reprinted it.

<sup>3</sup> See table of contents of the MS. on page 249. With the exception of the Psalms, I have a copy of the whole MS. It is at the disposal of any one interested in it.

interesting that I have reprinted but four Psalms, enough to show his method.<sup>1</sup> In his hymns we notice most of all that he writes in an impersonal style, for we have in them no picture of his own mind, no account of his spiritual conflicts, his doubts, his defeats, or his victories. Religious verse is valuable in proportion as it shows us the soul of a man, and this is precisely what Fairfax does not attempt to do.

This same lack of the personal element in his writing is a marked defect of the secular verse also, for he gives us practically nothing of his own life, even in remote allusion. When we consider the great scenes he had witnessed, the part he had played in shaping the destinies of England, it is rather surprising that he should choose to write on *Envy*, *Temperance*, *Anger*. Surely he might have written with more spirit on Liberty, Tyranny, or Valor. He collects many popular proverbs, but he does not jot down the song of his soldiers. For a fighting man, how faint and unrealistic are such lines :

As men besieged with mines about  
Ready to spring and ruing [*sic*] all,  
Hearing the alarm beat, runne out  
To th' assault and gard ther wall,  
And by the blast in ruins sinke  
Vanquist are when they least thinke.<sup>2</sup>

And yet they are quite unusual, so rarely does he refer to the shock of battle. As Fairfax does not tell us what he has felt, so he has little desire to write down what he has seen. Apart from all considerations of the immeasurable distance that separates Andrew Marvell's work from that of Fairfax, it is yet surprising that Marvell should describe Appleton House and the estates so fully, and that Fairfax, who delighted in them, should give us but a few faint lines on the new-built house. Similarly we should expect the sympathetic picture of the last moments of Charles to

<sup>1</sup> Markham, in his *Life of Fairfax*, p. 369, mentions another copy of Fairfax's version of the Psalms, owned by Mr. Cartwright of Aynho. I have not attempted to trace this. At the end of the MS. of the *Short Memorial*, at Leeds Castle, are versions of the 18th, 24th, 30th, and 85th Psalms. He prefaces Psalm 18 with the following: 'That I chuse this 18 Psalm let none think that I arrogate anything to myself, for farre be it from me to applie it otherwise than as David's triumph over his enemies.' See Markham's *Fairfax*, p. 415.

<sup>2</sup> *A Hymne to Christ the Messiah.*

come from the pen of the general rather than from the tutor of his daughter.<sup>1</sup>

To observe for one's self, to describe one's feelings, demands a certain amount of originality, and this is precisely what Fairfax lacked. The greater part of his religious verse was paraphrase, and we naturally look for translation in his secular poems. Pages 602–10 of the manuscript are taken, he tells us, from the French, the Italian, the Latin. With the exception of the *Mazarinades*, all these translations are directed against Rome, showing his strong Puritan sympathies. It is interesting to notice that when he translates Petrarch he does not choose the sonnets to Laura, but *The Character of the Romish Church*.<sup>2</sup> Petrarchism, brought in by Wyatt and Surrey a century before, had spent its force, and the lyrics of Philip Ayres, 1687, fill the last book that shows the old sway of the founder of the modern lyric.<sup>3</sup> As confirmation of Fairfax's lack of skill in writing, it is noticeable that he is unable to reproduce the sonnet form, and turns the quatorzains into poems of twelve lines.

Eight pages of translation, however, constitute but a small part of his secular verse. As we read it, we are impressed by the contrasts it shows, contrasts that can not be explained by assuming that certain poems are separated by long intervals of time. Lady Carey had written to Fairfax a metrical epistle on the death of his wife, and he felt called upon to answer it. Knowing his devotion to Lady Fairfax, we expect him to rise above himself under the inspiration of his grief, but his thought is so trivial, and so feebly expressed, that *To the Lady Cary Upon her Verses on my deare Wife* is one of the poorest poems. A few lines will show this more plainly than any comment:

Madam

Could I a Tribute of my thanks express  
As you have done in love and purer verse,  
On my best selfe then I might Justly raise  
Your Elogy t Encomiums of your Prayse  
And soe forgett the Subject that did move  
Me to a thankfulness as 't did you to love.  
O 'twere to great a Crime but pray allow

<sup>1</sup> See Marvell's *Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland*.

<sup>2</sup> Sonnets, *De Variis Argumentis*, Nos. 11 and 16.

<sup>3</sup> *Lyric Poems, made in Imitation of the Italians*, London, 1687.

Wher I fall short but you have reached to,  
 Making that Good wisest of Kings hath said,  
 Th' Living's not soe Prayse-worthy then [sic] the dead.

A few pages further on, we come to a more formal elegy on Henry of Navarre.

Ah is itt then Great Henry soe fam'd  
 For taming men, himself by death is tam'd!  
 Whatt eye his glory saw, now his sad doome,  
 But must desolve in Teares, sigh out his Soule,  
 Soe small a shred of Earth should him intombe  
 Whos acts deserv'd pocession of the whole.

Though this poem has its defects, it is, on the whole, a better piece of writing than the elegy on Lady Fairfax. This consideration, together with the fact that Henry of Navarre was assassinated two years before Fairfax was born, and that there seems to be no special reason why he should lament his death, makes one suspect that the lines are a translation from the French. Such is the case, for I find that the poem is taken word for word from an elegy by Anne de Rohan which Fairfax read at the end of Agrippa d'Aubigné's *Histoire Universelle*, published 1626, for d'Aubigné does not quote the whole poem, and Fairfax translates only as much as he gives.<sup>1</sup> With this hint I have looked in the French literature of the period for the originals of the other poems. *On a Fountain* is a translation of an epigram of Malherbe that was a favorite one,<sup>2</sup> to judge from its appearance in a French anthology (*Les Délices de la Poésie Française*, 1615), while Fairfax's best poem, the one that gives the manuscript its title, is a translation of Saint-Amant's *La Solitude*. Other sources I have not found, but I feel convinced that many of the poems are translations, as for example, *Of a Faire Wife, to Coregio*, which is probably taken from the Italian. Others better read in Continental literature of the period may discover his models.<sup>3</sup>

We are now in a position to see the significance of these poems. They are not fine examples of English verse; they are rather to be regarded as documents that show us what an English gentleman

<sup>1</sup> *Histoire Universelle* par Agrippa d'Aubigné (Paris, 1879), Vol. 9, pp. 472-75.

<sup>2</sup> See *Oeuvres complètes de Malherbe* (Paris, 1862), Vol. 1, p. 225.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Lewis C. Everard, Yale Phi Beta Kappa Fellow 1908-1909, has searched in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, for other French originals, but without results.

of the Caroline and Commonwealth period read and thought. They are like an old diary in which a great man has jotted down a list of the books he owns, or of poems he has memorized; they are like a package of old letters, in which the writer tells us of his favorite authors and his literary tastes. It is to be observed that this moralist, who mentions but one English writer—his great-uncle—turns to French literature. *La Solitude* is certainly not only Saint-Amant's best piece of work, but one of the finest French poems of the period, and the evident admiration of Fairfax for it speaks well for his taste. Though Saint-Amant had twice visited London and was possibly known there as a poet, only two other unimportant translations of his verse have been noticed in English literature.<sup>1</sup> It is worthy of mention that Saint-Amant himself had some very pronounced opinions concerning Fairfax, who probably never read the Frenchman's *Epigramme Endiablée sur Fairfax*.<sup>2</sup>

There is another interesting point concerning *La Solitude*. It is well known that in 1650 Andrew Marvell came to Appleton House as a tutor for Mary Fairfax. He had already written verse, but it had not been nature-poetry; his grotesque *Fleecoe* and his absurd verses *Upon the Death of Lord Hastings* have nothing of the meadow

<sup>1</sup> See A. H. Upham, *The French Influence in English Literature from the Accession of Elizabeth to the Restoration*, New York, 1908, pp. 345, 405, 409, 412. It is interesting to read Saint-Amant's brief reference to Ben Jonson in his *L'Albion*.

<sup>2</sup> Je crois qu'il doit bien estre en peine,  
L'execrable tyran qui preside aux enfers,  
Quand, dans les feux et dans les fers,  
Il songe au noir object des foudres de ma haine;  
Son vieux sceptre enfumé tremble en sa tiere main:  
Il redoute Fairfax, ce prodige inhumain:  
Il craint que ce monstre n'aspire  
Au degré le plus haut de son horrible empire,  
Le degré le plus haut est celuy le plus bas,  
C'est où ce prince des sabats,  
Des endroits les plus clairs aux endroits les plus sombres,  
Tomba pour regner sur les ombres:  
C'est là, dis-je, qu'il craint que par quelque attentat,  
Que par quelque moyen oblique,  
Fairfax n'aille du moins renverser son estat  
Pour en faire une république,  
Et voilà les raisons qui l'ont fait hesiter  
Jusqu'à cette heure à l'emporter.

*Oeuvres Complètes de Saint-Amant* (Paris, 1855), vol. 1, p. 472.

in them. During the two years he spent at the home of Fairfax, Marvell wrote those nature-poems that determined his fame—*Upon the Hill and Grove at Billborow*, *Upon Appleton House*, *On a Drop of Dew*, *The Garden*—poems that show an observation, an appreciation of the earth, of flowers, birds and trees unsurpassed in all the works of his predecessors in English poetry, not excepting the very greatest, Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare. That these poems were inspired not only by the beauty of Nunappleton, but by its owner's love and appreciation of poetry, there can be little doubt. We may go even further, and see in Marvell's nature-poems some hints from Saint-Amant. Marvell's verse is richer and deeper; where Saint-Amant is vague in his descriptions or conventional in his thought, Marvell is concrete and original; for it is the Englishman, and not the Frenchman, who uses *le mot précis*, and yet Saint-Amant's theme—to lose one's self in Nature—is the theme of *The Garden* and of the finest lines in *Appleton House*.

We see now the significance of the poems of Fairfax. They throw light on the character of a great Englishman; they remind us that the literary influence of *la ville lumière* was still powerful in England, that it had not died with the sonneteers; and they give us the atmosphere in which Andrew Marvell lived and wrote the tenderest, the sincerest, the deepest nature-poetry of the seventeenth century.

Yale College,  
February 19, 1909.

EDWARD BLISS REED.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS OF MS. FAIRFAX 40.

The poems marked † are reprinted here. Those marked \* are given only in part. The poems are printed as they stand in the MS. with no changes in the punctuation or spelling.

[Title] THE IMPLOYMENT OF MY SOLITUDE. T. F. p. i.

† The Preface to the Psalms. p. ii.

\* Psalms 1 to 150, in verse. pp. 1-388. [p. 389 is blank.]  
Songs of the Old and New Testament. pp. 390-479.

\* Moses Songe. Exodus 15. p. 390.  
Moses Songe. Deut. 32. p. 396.  
The Songe of Deborah. Judges 5. p. 406.  
Hannah's Songe. 1 Sam. 2. p. 415.

† Dauids Lamentation for Saule & Jonathan. 2 Sam. 1. p. 418.

† Hezekiah's Songe. Isaiah 38. p. 422.  
The Songe of Mary the Blessed Virgin. Luke 1. p. 427.  
Zachariah's Songe. Luke 1. p. 429.

† Simeon's Songe. p. 431.

\* The Songe of Salomon. Chapter 1. p. 432. Chapt 2. p. 435.  
Chapt 3. p. 438. Chapt 4. p. 440. Chapt 5. p. 444.  
Chapt 6. p. 448. Chapt 7. p. 451. Chapt 8. p. 454.  
Out of the Prouerbs of Salomon. p. 458.  
Wisdom's Antiquity. pp. 471-475.  
Out of the Prouerbs of Salomon. p. 473<sup>b</sup> 473<sup>c</sup>.  
[These two pages were formerly pasted together. They are a repetition of pp. 458 and 459, with two lines of 460.]  
Samuel's Instruction from his Mother. Prouerbs 32. p. 476.

\* Honny dropps. p. 480.  
Hymnes to the Soueraine God. p. 510.  
A Hymne to Christ the Mesiah. p. 519.  
A Hymne to the Holy Ghost. p. 539.

† A Songe of Praye. p. 549-551<sup>a</sup>.  
[Title] The Recreations of my Solitude T. F. p. 551<sup>c</sup>.

† The Solitude. p. 552.  
† Of a Faire Wife to Coregio. p. 564.  
† Of Beauty. p. 568.  
† Upon a Patch Face. p. 570.  
Upon a Younge Virago. p. 571.  
† Upon an ill Husband. p. 571.  
† Of Envy. p. 572.  
† Of Anger. p. 574.  
† Of Virtue. p. 577.  
Of Patience and Temperance. p. 579.

† Nature and Fortune. p. 582.  
† The Christian Warfare. p. 583.  
† Life and Death compared together. p. 590.  
† Upon a Fountaine. p. 592.  
† Upon the New-built House at Apleton. p. 593.  
† Shortness of Life. p. 594.  
† Epitaph on A. V. dieng Younge. p. 595.  
† The Lady Caryes Elogy on my deare Wife. p. 596.  
† To the Lady Cary Upon her Verses on my deare Wife. p. 598.  
† On the Fatal Day, Jan. 30th, 1648. p. 600.  
† Of Impartial Fate. p. 601.  
Epitaph sur le Mort du Cardinal Mazarin. Epiodium. p. 602.  
† A Carracter of the Romish Church by Francisco Petrarca, Laura  
Can. 106. p. 604.  
Pontanus writes this Epitaph on Lucretia daughter of Alexander 6.  
p. 606.  
Baptista Mantua reproving the wicked Life of Sixtus 4 maketh the  
Divel give him this Entertainement in Hell. p. 607.  
Mantua Eclogae 5. p. 608.  
Palengenus A Papist thus discribes the monstrous Corruptions of  
the Romaine Clargie. p. 609.  
Upon Mr. Stanley's Booke of Philosophers supposing itt the Worke  
of his Tutor W. Fa. p. 611.  
† Upon the Horse w<sup>ch</sup> his Mat<sup>e</sup>. Rode upon att his Coronation 1660.  
p. 612.  
\* Vulgar Proverbs. p. 613.  
† The teares of France for the deplorable death of Henry 4 surnamed  
the Great. p. 641.  
An Eglogue maide by my uncle Mr. Ed. Fairfax in a Dialoge bet-  
wixt two Sheapards Hermes and Lycaon. p. 647.

[p. ii]

## The Preface to the Psalms.

Vaine Fancy whether now darst thou aspire  
 W<sup>th</sup> smoky Coales to light the holy Fire  
 Could thou indeed as w<sup>th</sup> the Phenix burne  
 In perfum'd flames & into Ashes turne  
 Thou might'st hope (vaine hope) yet once againe  
 To rise w<sup>th</sup> purer notions in thy Braine  
 But t'would nott serue for they would still be darke  
 Till from thyn Alter Lord I take a sparke  
 I need not then assend up any higher  
 In offring this to fetch another fire  
 Inspired thus may on my Muse distill  
 Dewes nott from Parnass but Herman's sweet Hill.

[p. 1]

## Psal 1

Blest is the man in walking daly shuns  
 Pernitious Councel that from th' wicked Comes  
 Nor to the sinners paths his steps doth bend  
 Or he yitt up to Scorners chaire assend  
 Who in the early morne & euening laite  
 On lawes deuine makes choyse to meditate  
 As by the runing stremes the well sett tree  
 His fruit in season yeild, the iust shall be  
 Whos leafe shall neuer fade & what he doth  
 Shall thriue as itt & shal be fruitfull both  
 But w<sup>th</sup> the wicked itt is diffrent farre  
 As chaff tost in the Ayre, So they are  
 Nor shall he stand fore th' impartial Judge  
 Or mongst the iust who in sins way doe trudge

[p. 38]

## Psal 19

The heauens Lord the siluer studed frame  
 They are the Curious works thy hands declare  
 Time vnto time itt doth recount the same  
 To places most remote, ther voyce it heares  
 Ore all the earth ther arched Sphers extends  
 The Tun on's throne ther rises ther desends

As cherfull brid-grome in his nuptial state  
 Or active men to race w<sup>th</sup> ioy Come out  
 From East to West so runs he at that raite  
 Till his cirquitt rownd he<sup>as</sup> gone about  
 All parts euen to the wide Earths extreames  
 Both light & heat takes from his radent beames

[p. 39] Thy law ô Lord to soules perfection giues  
 They that are simple by thy words made wise  
 They shall reioyce who in thy precepts liues  
 Thy Statutes pure inlighthen's the blind eyes  
 To feare the Lord will vs preserue for euer  
 Whos judgments true & rightious altogether

More sweete then honny yea or gold refin'd  
 Thy seruants setts them att a hier prise  
 They great rewards in keeping them do find  
 But ô alas who ist his errors spies  
 My faults vnseene ô let ther none remaine  
 From bold-fac'd sins thy seruant Lord restraine

[p. 40] O let not sin w<sup>th</sup> it's tyranick might  
 Ere gitt a iuri[s]diction ouer mee  
 So in my soule shall I then be vpright  
 And from the great transgression guiltless be  
 So shall my words & thoughts acceptance find  
 W<sup>th</sup> thee my strength redeemer of man-kind

[p. 49]

Psal 23

How can I want the Lord my sheapard seemes  
 Who to the verdant pasturs leads me outt  
 By flowry bankes wher waters gently streams  
 My soule he doth refresh he sets my foot  
 In paths of truth & eaqual Justice both  
 This only for his owne name sake he doth

Al Though I through death[s] shady vale doe goe  
 No terrors ther shal makes me yitt affraid  
 His rods my guide his staff my strength also  
 Before myn foes my table he doth spread  
 W<sup>th</sup> oyle my head full cups my hart doth chere  
 Him in his house for euer Ile serue ther

[p. 104]

Psal 46

If in distress<sup>5</sup> Lord thou 'lt giue me ayde  
 What need I feare though rocks in seas be throwe  
 Though by ther rage the hills on hills be layd  
 Thou still preseruest thos that are thyn owne  
 In thes o're turnings shal noe fear cease them  
 For God was ther, his help in season Came

When furious rage procest the Heathen world  
 Thou was to vs as a strong Towre in War  
 Thou spake the word & Earth on heaps was hurld  
 Come se then ther what great vastations are

[p. 105] Tis he when wars arise Can stop ther Course  
 This he ther weapons breake ther Chariots fire  
 Wait thou on him know he's a God of force  
 Did he not rule the world t' would soone expire  
 He mongst the Heathens will exalted be  
 But Jacobs Gods the Towre to whom we flee

[p. 390]

Songs of the Old & New  
TestimentMoses Songe  
Exodus 15

Vnto the Lord let prayse be sung  
 Who gloriously triumphed hath  
 For he into the sea hath flung  
 Both Horse & Rider in his wrath

The Lord my strength & songe shall be  
 Who my sure saluation  
 Mine & my father's god is he  
 Soule be his habitation

[p. 391] A man of Warr's the Lord renown'd  
 His name is by Jehouah knowne  
 Who in the Sea hath Pharoah drownd  
 Downe Captains Horse & Chariots throwne

This goodly Traine w<sup>th</sup> fury drunke  
 The waues as Couerings did Containe

Wher to the bottome they are sunke  
 As stones that neuer rise againe

Thy hand o Lord has done this deed  
 Glorious in Powre art thou become  
 Thy hand I say when ther was need  
 Th' insulting Foe has ouercome

[p. 392] They that agaist thee did Combine  
 Thy wrath has broke in thy defence  
 As stuble th'are before the winde  
 So powrefull is thyn' exelence

Thy Nosthrills w<sup>th</sup> a blast hauie layde  
 The liquid Seas on sollid heapes  
 The floating waues ther w<sup>th</sup> were stay'd  
 As Ice Congealed in the depths

Pursue o'retake th' enimy said  
 Ther spoyles let vs mongst vs deuide  
 Whilst w<sup>th</sup> ther Swords they hauack made  
 And lust as law to them was guide

[p. 393] But in a happy howre thou did  
 The Treasures of thy winde display  
 So sunk they as the heauy lead  
 And vnder watry-Mountaints lay

Amongst the Gods who's like to thee  
 O Lord in Holiness & Prayse  
 The fearfull wonders w<sup>th</sup> we see  
 Doe Trophyes to thy Glory raise

Thou stretcht thy hand & they were gone  
 The gapinge earth denourd them quite  
 To th' Holy mountaine thou leddst on  
 The chosen Flock of thy delight

[p. 394] Nations hard this w<sup>th</sup> pale-fac'd looks  
 And horred feare amazed stood  
 Edom Moab & Syrian Dukes  
 Ditt melt away w<sup>th</sup> Canan's broode

Thy Glorious Name did soe apall  
 Ther trimbling Harts w<sup>th</sup> feare & dread  
 That as a stone lie still they shall  
 Till those pass ouer thou dost lead

To Zions mount thou didst them bring  
 Didst plant them in its firtil soyle  
 The place wher thou delightst in  
 A sanctuary freed from toyle

[p. 395] Raigne Lord for euer vn-opposd  
 For Pharoa's Horse & Men are drownd  
 Him & his force hath sea inclosd  
 Whilst Israel marches on dry grownd  
 Miriam the Prophetiss a Timbrel takes  
 Wher in their Circulinge-dances round  
 The Virgin-Traine such Musick makes  
 As th' Hills about w<sup>th</sup> Echoes sound  
 Then Miriam answered them & sung  
 The Lord triumphd in Glory hath  
 Proud Pharoah into th' sea has flunge  
 W<sup>th</sup> Horse & Rider in his wrath

[p. 418] Dauids Lamentation for Saule & Jonathan.

2 Sam : 1

Israel has lost her ornement  
 Alas for itt lement  
 How are her Mighty, falne & laine  
 & on Mount Gibea slaine  
 Ô let itt nott in Gath be knowne  
 Or told in streets of Askelon  
 O lett nott Lord our ancient Foes  
 Joying Deride our woes  
 Least daughter of th' vncircomis'd  
 Triumph o're vs dispis'd

[p. 419] Noe more lett fruitfull showres distill  
 Or dewes on Gibeas direfull Hill  
 Nor e'er may any thither bringe  
 More a Heaue-Offringe  
 Ther th' Mighty fell, Saule lost his sheld  
 In this shamfull feild  
 On him regardless they did treade  
 As if noe oyle had touch'd his head

Sharp Arrowes shott from Jonathans Bow  
 Drunk w<sup>th</sup> the blood of Foe  
 Nor did Sauls sword rebate a Jott  
 Till he<sup>ad</sup> his<sup>1</sup> enimys smote

[p. 420] How louely-pleasant are you tow  
 Death Could not loue disjoyne in you

Swifter then Eagles w<sup>ch</sup> th' Ayre peirce  
 Both stronge as lions feirce  
 Israel's daughters lament the fall  
 Of your valiant Saule  
 Who you in Purple & Scarlet deckt  
 And did from Foes your land protect

How pleasant was itt to behold  
 Your orniments of Gold  
 Thy worthys by the sword, how are  
 They thus cutt off in war

[p. 421] O Jonathan my harts delight  
 Slaine in the bloody fight  
 Mount Giboa saw the woefull day  
 Thou mongst her Rockes ther wounded lay

How can I Deare Jonathan express  
 For thee my sad distress  
 Noe Woman's loue reach'd thatt degree  
 As thou once loued mee  
 How is the Mighty falne, is Crusht  
 And Israels Worthys rould in dust

[p. 422] Hezekiah's-Songe  
 . . . . .  
 Isaiah 38

In Cuttinge off my days I said  
 Must I goe downe to deaths cold shade  
 Youth's flowre noe sooner Budd but Blast  
 Be Cropt and to obliuion cast  
 Mongst liuing Lord must I noe more  
 Lift vp myn eyes & thee adore

<sup>1</sup> Fairfax has written over this line "his foes had smote."

Or longer in this vniuerse  
 W<sup>th</sup> Man-kind haue noe more Conuerse  
 Farwell then Suns chearful light  
 Whose Rayes expells the shades of Night

[p. 423] Adeiu deare siluer-Horned Moone  
 By step & step our time setts downe  
 Yee Stars farwel that in Night appears  
 Runing in your apoynted Spheres  
 Who from your orbs soe far from hence  
 Throwes downe on vs your influence  
 Stay when you will your Constant Course  
 For ouer death you haue noe force  
 Farwel my Friends, farwel delight  
 Deuided by Eternal Night  
 My flitting years how soon th'are spent  
 Remoued as a Sythian Tent  
 Here to day to morrow dead

[p. 424] Cut off like to a weauers thread  
 In morning when new hopes began  
 Er' euening pinning sickness came  
 Yitt did'st nott heare my sad groanes  
 But lyon-like brake all my bones  
 O whatt a little space is this  
 T'wixt Being & not Beinge is  
 Euen from th' Eueninge to the Day  
 My wasting Sperits faide away  
 As Crane or Swallow sett alone  
 To the ô Lord I make my mo'ne  
 And as the Doue that trembling sitts  
 When Hawke aboue doth sores his pitch

[p. 425] So faints my hart so failes myn eyes  
 In seing such sad miseryes  
 But thou in Mercy hast noe piere  
 O help me in this troubled feare  
 What shall I say but sure thus much  
 Thy Word & Truth keep perfait touch  
 For sin my soule shall all its days  
 Walke softly in my pensiue wayes  
 By these things Lord doe Mortals liue  
 New life by these things thou dost giue  
 Lo, Peace to me dost thou restore  
 And Joy for Greefe I had before

Thou pluckt me from destructions Pitt  
 [p. 426] And all my sins didst thou remitt  
 For who in death can offrings bringe  
 Or in the Graue thy Prayses singe  
 Of All to Shades beneath repare  
 Does any hope for Mercy ther  
 The liuinge 'tis the liuinge They  
 Shall Prayse thee as I doe this day  
 Father to sonne relate shall this  
 How faithfull are thy Promises  
 Since Lord thou hast prolong'd my days  
 On Warbling Harpe I'le giue thee prayse  
 And in thy Courts w<sup>th</sup> Holy Fire  
 Of Zeale pay thanks till I expire

[p. 431] Simeon's Songe

As thou hast said soe Lord pray I  
 In peace now lett thy seruant die  
 Sence my blest eyes haue scene i'th end  
 Saluation from thy Throne desend  
 Which thou before earth frame was layd  
 To save Man-kind decreed had  
 A light to guide the Gentiles ways  
 Of Israel's sones to be the prayse

[p. 435] [The Songe of Salomon]

Chap 2

I am the Rose of Sharon's fruitfull feild  
 The Lilly w<sup>th</sup> the humble vallyes yeild  
 In midst of thornes as Lilly appear's aboue  
 Soe mongst the youthfull Virgins is my loue  
 As Apple-trees 'mongst trees o'th Forrest growe  
 Amongst the sones of Men my loue is soe  
 Vnder whose shade is my delightfull seat  
 And to my tast his fruit is pleasant meat  
 Then to the house of wines he brought me in  
 Wher Loue like banners was a Couer in  
 Stay me w<sup>th</sup> flaggons w<sup>th</sup> Apples Comfort giue  
 Who's sick of Loue may yitt haue hope to liue

Vnder my head his left hand stretched out  
And w<sup>th</sup> his Right h' imbraceth me about

[p. 436] O Zions daughters I strictly you adiure  
By the swift Hynde & fearfull Roe be sure  
Noe stir by noyse you make for to disease  
Or wake my loue before the time he please  
Behold I hear his Voyce o're Hills & Downes  
My loue Comes skiping ouer Mounts & bounds  
Like th' Hart or nimble Fawne & triping Roe  
Standing behind our Wall Behold him Loe  
Through trelest windows how he looketh out  
His Church w<sup>th</sup> watchfull care he vews about  
Thus speaking to me I my loue did heare  
Arise my faire one Come away my deare  
Lo winters past w<sup>th</sup> her stormy showers  
Th' Earth now shew's her various coulred flowrs  
Chirping of birds a signe the spring grows near

[p. 437] We in the land the mourning Turtle heare  
The Figg-tree budding green her Figgs disclose  
The tender Grapes of Vines smell as the Rose  
Arise my faire one Come away my loue  
Whom Cliffy Rocks doe hid Come out my Doue  
Shew me thy Face myn eares let thy Voyce meet  
Thy Countinanc is Comely, Voyce most Sweet  
Take th' Fox & little Foxes in thy Toyles  
That thus our tender grapes & Vinyard spoyles  
My deare is myne & I am his who 'monge  
The Lillyes feed till shades of Night be gone  
Turne my beloued turne like th' Roe that trips  
Or nimble Hinde that in Mount Bether skips.

[p. 480]

Honny dropps.

(Under this title Fairfax has written  
one hundred and twenty five couplets and thirty five quatrains)

Why good men haite all sin 'tis understood  
Because tis both against god and ther owne good  
To walke w<sup>th</sup> god tis goodmen's care we see  
But leaves the Care to god w<sup>ch</sup> way 't should be

Noe safty w<sup>th</sup> out god in Freindship were  
Yitt safe w<sup>th</sup> enimyes if God be there

[p. 482] A good man questionless was never hee  
Thatt strives nott allways better for to be

[p. 483] Good Conscience is a name att w<sup>ch</sup> Men tante  
But betters a good name then Conscience want

[p. 484] Whatt before men we are affrayd to doe  
Fore God to thinke itt should affright us too  
Many the Sacred ordinances use  
Making noe proffet of them—them abuse

[p. 486] When thou dost well or any good thou can  
Prayse nott thy worke, the worke will prayse the Man

[p. 487] The soule by such a Noble sperit moves  
Tis nott soe much where't lives as wher it loves  
Sure best are they, nott they who most can talke  
How Good God is, but who most with him walke

[p. 490] In sweetest Natures this will sure befall  
None All can like nor shall be lik't of all

[p. 491] All Earthly things are such as ther's noe doubt  
Worst Men may have and best may goe w<sup>th</sup>outt  
Yett wanting them a man may happy be  
When others w<sup>th</sup> them have butt misery

[p. 492] Noe Time in pastime need we Idly wast  
For time will pass from us in too much hast

[p. 507] I'th' Sacred Arke Reason of State should lye  
But rules of state should nott Religion tye  
When men w<sup>th</sup> wine themselves like beasts abuse  
Not wine the Men but the wine misuse

[p. 509] In all thou undertskes be carful still  
That none of thee can speake deserved ill  
And soe when that is done thou needs not Care  
For Ill men's Censure (Tis the Common fare)

[p. 549]

## A Songe of Prayse

Earth prayse the Lord him Reverence beare  
 As well for's Thunders that we heare  
 At w<sup>ch</sup> poore Mortals stand affraid  
 As four the glotious Maruels which  
 Such Splendors doth the world inrich  
 They are the workes his hands hath made  
 His Prouidential loue lets singe  
 That w<sup>th</sup> a plentious flowinge springe  
 Our barren soules hee watered  
 The East the West tast of his Care  
 Hott Affriek nor the freezinge Beare  
 From his al seeinge eye is hidd

[p. 550]

And wast nott he He who did please  
 W<sup>th</sup> seueral kinds to store the Seas  
 Of Fish beyond account Nay more  
 Made Woods & Hills that Cataile yeilds  
 Gau<sup>e</sup> flowry Pasturs verdent feilds  
 That bringe both Corne & wine great store  
 But how doe we his mercy wronge  
 He sees wee still in Sin grow stronge  
 And day by day his patience moue  
 Yet as a Father ready is  
 To pardon faults he sees in his  
 Such are the tokens of his loue

[p. 551<sup>a</sup>]

In vs Affections ôh tis strange  
 W<sup>th</sup> our light humor suddaine Change  
 As in a moment they grew old  
 They w<sup>th</sup> the Wind are easely driuen  
 But his is alweyes firme & euen  
 And to Eternity doe hold

[p. 551 c]

## THE RECREATIONS OF MY SOLITUDE

T:F

[p. 552]

## THE SOLITUDE

O how I loue these Solitudes  
 And places silent as the Night  
 Ther wher noe thronging multituds  
 Disturbe w<sup>th</sup> noyse ther sweet delight  
 O how myn eyes are pleas'd to see  
 Oakes that such spreadinge branches beare  
 W<sup>ch</sup> from old Time's netiuity  
 And th'enuy of so many yeares  
 Are still greene beautifull & faire  
 As att the world's first day they were

[p. 553]

Naught but the highest twiggs of all  
 Wher Zephyrus doth wanton play  
 Doe yett presage ther future fall  
 Or shew a signe of ther decay  
 Times past Fawnes Satyrs Demy-Gods  
 Hither retird to seeke for Aide  
 When Heauen w<sup>th</sup> Earth was soe att odds  
 As Jupiter in rage had laide  
 O're all a Deluge these high woods  
 Preseru'd them from the sweling floods

[p. 554]

Ther vnder a flowry Thorne alonge  
 Of Springs delightfull plant the Cheife  
 Sadd Philomela's mournfull songe  
 Doth sweetly entertaine my greefe  
 And to behold is noe less rare  
 These hanging Rocks & Precepies  
 W<sup>ch</sup> to the wounds of sadd dispare  
 Are soe propitious to gine ease  
 When soe oprest by cruel fate  
 Death's sought for att another gate

[LA SOLITUDE<sup>1</sup>

A Alcidon.

Que j'aime la solitude!  
 Que ces lieux sacrez à la nuit,  
 Esloignez du monde et du bruit,  
 Plaisent à mon inquietude!  
 Mon Dieu! que mes yeux sont contens  
 De voir ces bois, qui se trouvent  
 A la nativité du temps,  
 Et que tous les siecles reverent,  
 Estre encore aussi beaux et vers,  
 Qu'aux premiers jours de l'univers!

Un gay zephire les caresse  
 D'un mouvement doux et flatteur.  
 Rien que leur extremsme hauteur  
 Ne fait remarquer leur vieillesse.  
 Jadis Pan et ses demy-dieux  
 Y vindrent chercher du refuge,  
 Quand Jupiter ouvrit les cieux  
 Pour nous envoyer le deluge,  
 Et, se sauvans sur leurs rameaux,  
 A peine virent-ils les eaux.

Que sur cette espine fleurie,  
 Dont le printemps est amoureux,  
 Philomèle, au chant langoureux,  
 Entretient bien ma resverie!  
 Que je prens de plaisir à voir  
 Ces monts pendans en precipices,  
 Qui, pour les coups du desespoir,  
 Sont aux malheureux si propices,  
 Quand la cruaute de leur sort  
 Les force à rechercher la mort!

---

<sup>1</sup> This is not in the MS. See pp. 246-248.

How pleasant are the Murmuring stream  
 In shady Vallyes runinge downe  
 Whose raginge torrents as itt seemes  
 Just measurs keepe in skpps & bounds  
 Then glidinge vnder th' arbored banks  
 As windinge Serpents in the grass  
 The sportfull Naides playes ther pranks  
 Vpon the watry plaines of Glass  
 The christal Elements wherin  
 These watry Nimpes delight to swime

[p. 555]

The quiet Marshe I loue to see  
 That bounded is w<sup>th</sup> willowes round  
 With Sallow, Elme, & Popler tree  
 W<sup>ch</sup> Iron yett hath giuen noe wound  
 The Nimpes that Come to take fresh Ayre  
 Here Rocks & Spindles them prouide  
 Mongst Sedge & Bulrush we may heare  
 The lepinge Froggs Se wher they hide  
 Themselues for feare when they espye  
 A Man or Beast approachinge nyne

[p. 556]

A hundred thousand Fowle her lye  
 All voyd of feare makinge ther Nest  
 Noe treachrous Fowler here Comes nyne  
 W<sup>th</sup> mortal gunnes to breake ther rest  
 Some ioying in the sunn's warme beames  
 Ther fethers busily doe plume  
 Whilst others findinge Loue's hott flames  
 In waters allsoe can Consume  
 And in all pastimes Innocent  
 Are pleased in this Element

How pleasant is itt to behold  
 These ancient Ruinated Towers  
 'Gainst w<sup>ch</sup> the Giants did of old  
 W<sup>th</sup> Insolence employe ther Powers  
 Now Sayters here ther Sabath keepe  
 And Sperits w<sup>ch</sup> our sence inspire  
 W<sup>th</sup> frichtinge dreames whilst we doe sleepe  
 Noe here againe all day retire  
 In thousand Chinkes & dusty holes  
 Eyes vgly Battes & Scritchinge Owles

[p. 557]

Que je trouve doux le ravage  
 De ces fiers torrens vagabonds,  
 Qui se precipitent par bonds  
 Dans ce valon vert et sauvage !  
 Puis, glissant sous les arbrisseaux,  
 Ainsi que des serpens sur l'herbe,  
 Se changent en plaisans ruisseaux,  
 Où quelque Naïade superbe  
 Règne comme en son lict natal,  
 Dessus un throsne de christal !

Que j'aime ce marets paisible !  
 Il est tout bordé d'aliziers,  
 D'aulnes, de saules et d'oziers,  
 A qui le fer n'est point nuisible.  
 Les Nymphes, y cherchans le frais,  
 S'y viennent fournir de quenouilles,  
 De pipeaux, de jones et de glais ;  
 Où l'on voit sauter les grenouilles,  
 Oui de frayeur s'y vont cacher  
 Si tost qu'on veut s'en approcher.

Là, cent mille oyseaux aquatiques  
 Vivent, sans craindre, en leur repos,  
 Le giboyer fin et dispos,  
 Avec ses mortelles pratiques.  
 L'un, tout joyeux d'un si beau jour,  
 S'amuse à becqueter sa plume ;  
 L'autre allentit le feu d'amour  
 Qui dans l'eau mesme se consume,  
 Et prennent tous innocemment  
 Leur plaisir en cet element.

Que j'ayme à voir la décadence  
 De ces vieux chasteaux ruinez,  
 Contre qui les ans mutinez  
 Ont deployé leur insolence !  
 Les sorciers y font leur sabat ;  
 Les demons follets s'y retirent,  
 Qui d'un malicieux ébat  
 Trompent nos sens et nous martirent ;  
 Là se nichent en mille troux  
 Les couleuvres et les hyboux.

<sup>1</sup> Fairfax omits a stanza here.

These Mortal Augurs of Mischance  
 Who funerall notes as Musick makes  
 The Goblins singe & skipp & dance  
 In valts ore spred w<sup>th</sup> Toads & Snakes  
 Ther in a Cursed beame might see  
 [p. 558] The horred Skeliton of some poore louer  
 W<sup>ch</sup> for his Mistress Cruelty  
 Hanged himselfe sence naught could moue her  
 Or w<sup>th</sup> a glance nott once to daine  
 To ease him of his mortal paine

The Marble Stones here strew'd about  
 Of Carracters leaue yett some signe  
 But now are almost eaten outt  
 By teeth of all deuouring time  
 The planks & timber from aboue  
 Downe to the lowest Valts are fau'ne  
 Wher Toads & Vipers 'mongst them moue  
 Leauinge theron ther deadly spawne  
 [p. 559] And Harths that once were vs'd fvr fyers  
 Now shaded are w<sup>th</sup> scratchinge Bryers

Yet lower an Arched-Valt extends  
 Soe hiddious darke & deepe doth sinke  
 That did the Sun therin desend  
 I thinke he scarce Could se a winke  
 Slumber that from heauy Cares  
 W<sup>th</sup> drowsiness inchants our sence  
 Sleepes here secure, as far from feares  
 Lul'd in the Armes of Negligence  
 And on her back in sluggish sort  
 Vpon the pauement lyes & Snort

[p. 560] When from these Ruings I doe goe  
 Vp an aspiringe Rock nott furre  
 Whose topp did seeme ast were to know  
 Wher mists & Stormes ingendred are  
 And then desending att my leisure  
 Downe paths made by the storming Waues  
 I did behold w<sup>th</sup> greater pleasure  
 How they did worke the hollow Canes  
 A worke soe Curious & soe rare  
 As if that Neptuns Court were ther

L'orfraye, avec ses cris funebres,  
 Mortels augures des destins,  
 Fait rire et dancer les lutins  
 Dans ces lieux remplis de tenebres.  
 Sous un chevron de bois maudit  
 Y braule le squelette horrible  
 D'un pauvre amant qui se pendit  
 Pour une bergere insensible,  
 Qui d'un seul regard de pitié  
 Ne daigna voir son amitié.

     . . . . .<sup>1</sup>

Là se trouvent sur quelques marbres  
 Des devises du temps passé;  
 Icy l'âge a presque effacé  
 Des chiffres taillez sur les arbres;  
 Le plancher du lieu le plus haut  
 Est tombé jusques dans la cave,  
 Que la limace et le crapaut  
 Souillent de venin et de bave;  
 Le lierre y croist au foyer,  
 A l'ombrage d'un grand noyer.

Lá dessous s'estend une voûte  
 Si sombre en un certain endroit,  
 Que, quand Phebus y descendroit,  
 Je pense qu'il n'y verroit goutte;  
 Le Sommeil aux pesans sourcis,  
 Enchante d'un morne silence,  
 Y dort, bien loing de tous soucis,  
 Dans les bras de la Nonchalance,  
 Laschement couché sur le dos  
 Dessus des gerbes de pavos.

     . . . . .<sup>1</sup>

Tantost, sortant de ces ruines,  
 Je monte au haut de ce rocher,  
 Dont le sommet semble chercher  
 En quel lieu se font les bruïnes;  
 Puis je descends tout à loisir,  
 Sous une falaise escarpée,  
 D'ou je regarde avec plaisir  
 L'onde qui l'a presque sappée  
 Jusqu'au siege de Palemon,  
 Fait d'esponges et de limon.

<sup>1</sup> Fairfax omits a stanza here.

[p. 561] Tis a delightfull sight to see  
 Standinge on the muſuringe shore  
 When Calmer Seas begin to bee  
 After the Stormes w<sup>th</sup> raginge roare  
 How the blew Trytons doe appeare  
 Vpon the rollinge Curled Waues  
 Beatinge w<sup>th</sup> hiddious tunes 'the Ayre  
 W<sup>th</sup> Crooked Trumpets Sea-men braues  
 Att whose shrill notes the winds doe seeme  
 By keepinge still to beare esteeme

Sometimes the Sea w<sup>th</sup> Tempests rore  
 Frettinge itt Can rise noe higher  
 Roulinge or'e the flinty shore  
 Throwes them vp againe retires  
 [p. 562] Somtimes through itt's deuouringe Jawes  
 When Neptun's in an angry moode  
 Poore mariners finde his Cruel lawes  
 Made to his finy Subjectcs foode  
 But Diamonds Amber & the Jett  
 To Neptune they doe Consecrate

Sometimes soe Cleare & soe serene  
 Itt seemes ast were a looking glass  
 And to our Vewes presenting seemes  
 As heauens beneath the waters was  
 The Sun in it's soe clearely seene  
 That contemplatinge this bright sight  
 As't was a doubt whether itt had beene  
 Himselfe or image gane the light  
 Att first appearing to our eyes  
 As if he had falne from the skyes

[p. 563] Thus Aleidon whose loue inioynes  
 To thinke for thee noe labor paine  
 Receauie these Rustick Shepheards lines  
 That's from ther liuinge obiects taime  
 Sence I seeke only desert places  
 Wher all alone my thoughts doe use  
 Noe entertainment but what pleases  
 The genius of my Rural Muse  
 But noe thoughts more delighteth mee  
 Then sweet Remembrances of thee

Que c'est une chose agreable  
 D'estre sur le bord de la mer,  
 Quand elle vient à se calmer  
 Après quelque orage effroyable !  
 Et que les chevelus Tritons,  
 Hauts, sur les vagues secouées,  
 Frapent les airs d'estranges tons  
 Avec leurs trompes enrouées,  
 Doat l'eclat rend respectueux  
 Les vents les plus impetueux.

Tantost l'onde, brouillant l'arcène,  
 Murmure et fremit de courroux,  
 Se roullant dessus les cailloux  
 Qu'elle apporte et qu'elle r'entraîne.  
 Tantost, elle estale en ses bords,  
 Que l'ire de Neptune outrage,  
 Des gens noyez, des monstres morts,  
 Des vaisseaux brisez du naufrage,  
 Des diamans, de l'ambre gris,  
 Et mille autres choses de pris.

Tantost, la plus claire du monde,  
 Elle semble un miroir flottant,  
 Et nous represente à l'instant  
 Encore d'autres cieux sous l'onde.  
 Le soleil s'y fait si bien voir,  
 Y comtemplant son beau visage,  
 Qu'on est quelque temps à sçavoir  
 Si c'est luy-mesme, ou son image,  
 Et d'abord il semble à nos yeux  
 Qu'il s'est laissé tomber des cieux.

Bernières, pour qui je me vante  
 De ne rien faire que de beau,  
 Reçoy ce fantasque tableau  
 Fait d'une peinture vivante.  
 Je ne cherche que les deserts,  
 Où, resvant tout seul, je m'amuse  
 A des discours assez diserts  
 De mon genie avec la muse ;  
 Mais mon plus aymable entretien  
 C'est le ressouvenir du tien.

. . . . .

<sup>1</sup> Fairfax omits the two concluding stanzas.

[p. 564]

Of a Faire Wife  
to Coregio

Thou thinkst Coregio thou hast gott  
An exelent Beauty to thy lott  
But yet remember this againe  
For pleasure also thou'l haue paine  
No perfect rest can be to thee  
When watchfull always thou must be  
Tis hard & difficult to keepe  
That all the world desire & seeke  
Is her beauty much, Then know  
Her pride's noe less <sup>weh</sup> she doth show

[p. 565] Dost thou admire her th'more will shee  
For thy esteeme disdainfull be  
But is shee faire Consider this  
If shee be chaste, some doubt it is  
As shee in hansomnes exceeds  
Soe much of Modesty shee needs  
Shee'l always be a Mistress there  
Wher only thou Comand should beare  
But wouldst thou haue me to define  
This rare beauty that is thine  
Thy Idoll as thou make's of itt  
Much more of Hurt then good thoule gett

[p. 566] For th' Adoration by thee giuen  
Gives thee a Hell insteade of Heauen  
New habits daly shee will axe  
And if denyed then shee will vex  
And thinke all's nothing in her passion  
That's nott in the Mode & fashion  
As if her Body were assign'd  
To giue Inquietud's to thy minde  
Me thinke I see thee rausht on her  
Thou blinde (as Idolizinge) Louer  
Ma'as soone begett Ixion's brood  
On Juno's Image in a cloude

[p. 567] Why shouldst thou longer thus submit  
 To her who to obay's more fitt  
 Least when thy Reason once is lost  
 Thy Liberty too itt will Cost  
 And in the end butt as a slaye  
 A soueraine for Companion haue  
 To say noe worse of Beauty I Conclude  
 It is but an Ilustrious seruitude

[p. 568] Of Beauty

Beauty's a fraile & brittle good  
 W<sup>ch</sup> Sicknes Time & Age doe blast  
 The Rose & Lilly in face thatt budd  
 Hardly are keep't & seldom last  
 What hath she then to boast on Sauce  
 A fragil life & timely graue  
 Beauty wher sweet Graces faile  
 May be Compared vnto this  
 A goodly ship w<sup>th</sup> out her saile  
 A spring her fragrant flower doe miss  
 [p. 569] A day want's Sun or Torch its Light  
 A shrine want's Saint or Starless night  
 But how doth Nature seeme to smother  
 The Virtues of this louely Flower  
 Who is of wanton Lust the Mother  
 Of toyinge Vanity a Bowre  
 Enimy of Peace the Fount wher Pride doe swime  
 Th' Incendeary of Strife of Passions Magazen

[p. 570] Vpon a Patch Face

Noe Beauty Spots should ladyes weare  
 They but the Spots of beauty are  
 Who knowes nott this (sauce foolish Sotts)  
 That Beauty aught to haue noe Spotts  
 Some note a Spot that Venus had  
 Admitt itt were in one soe badd  
 Yett should nott shee haue Spots vpon Her  
 That would be held a Maide of Honor

[p. 571]

## Vpon an ill Husband

All Creatures else on Earth that are  
 Whether they Peace affect or Warre  
 Males ther Females ne're opresso  
 By the Lyon safe lyes the Lyoness  
 The Beares ther Mates noe harme procure  
 W<sup>th</sup> Wolfe the shee Woolfe liues secure  
 And of the Bull the Earth w<sup>ch</sup> teeres  
 The tender Heyfer has noe feares  
 But men then these more brutish are  
 Who w<sup>th</sup> ther wiues Contend & jarre

[p. 572]

## Of Enuy

In Enuy's Face discerne I this  
 Of Monsters shee most Monstrous is  
 A hurtfull glance her eye doth dart  
 A painfull paine lies att her hart  
 Noe Good doe's Man enjoy by Right  
 Her eniuious teeth doth nott bitte  
 To Carracterize her yitt more fitt  
 Of Erringe blindness shee the Pitt  
 A Hell to Natures swetest Life  
 Reuenges Spur the flame of Strife  
 Her Actions yett bespeake her worse  
 To Ciuell Peace a vexinge Curse  
 Temptation's Sargent that's assign'd  
 The Sentinell of Restless minde  
 More hurtfull to the soule by farr  
 Then Vipers to the body are  
 But in a word t'express this Euell  
 Tis the Sin peculier to the Dmell

[p. 574]

## Of Anger

Noe Passion's rooted deeper or extends  
 Her branches furder or that more offends  
 Then Coller doth of w<sup>ch</sup> no sex or Age  
 Can boast a full exemption from its rage  
 And when its boundless fury growes  
 Its high distemper Madnes showes

Soe oft as Man is Angery oh tis sadd  
 He's nott only weake but blinde & Madd  
 Error for Truth imbraces & t'wer well  
 If dearest freinds from enimys he Could tell  
 A hameless smile or from the eye a glance  
 Though vndesign'd puts him into a trance  
 [p. 575] And when his fury wakes how oft tis seene  
 Frendships most sacred bonds disoluued haue beene  
 Who doth nott then discerne in sundry fashions  
 How Man afflicted is w<sup>th</sup> Angry passions  
 More feirce then are some Brutes as may apeare  
 They sometimes yeilds but he's in full Cariere  
 As Mariners when w<sup>th</sup> amazement smitt  
 The Pilots voyce in stormes regards nott itt  
 Soe men in frenzy ther strange gesters are  
 Wild as the beasts & Irreguler  
 The flaminge fire w<sup>th</sup> Passions kindle flies  
 In furious sparkes from his piercinge eyes  
 His angry face by a reflux of blood  
 That from his Hart assends becometh rude  
 [p. 576] His haire w<sup>th</sup> gasty horror stands vpright  
 And every word he speakes he seemes to bitt  
 His hands & feet in ther excentrick Motions  
 Breath naught but threats w<sup>th</sup> rash & bloody notions  
 His Looke soe terrible as doe portend  
 A fatal Change vnto his nearest freind  
 What must be then's distempred soule w<sup>th</sup>in  
 Soe vgly outward, but a sinke of Sin

[p. 577]

Of Virtue

As wel tun'd Musick sweetly seize  
 The seinges soe doth't Virtue please  
 The Virtuous, force the Vitious too  
 Th'admire in others what they should doe  
 Those best loue virtue & her lawes  
 That most Contemnes men's vains aplaues  
 Virtue alone all Grace inhance  
 And she noe vse doth make of chance  
 Whose effects are transcent in th' euent  
 What proceeds from virtue's permernen

Those things itt slightes the World doe hold  
Pretious as Fortunes Goods & Gold

[p. 578] These hath ther wings & flye away  
When Man desireth most ther Stay  
The virtuous Soule prize most that some  
Thinkes but from sheepesh nature Come  
And nott from Grace the spring frō whence  
Flowes Virtue Goodnes Inocence  
Care thou for these sence they'le apeare  
Much surer Goods then Riches are  
Thy virtuous acts goe wher thou will  
For Companions thou shalt haue still  
When Men shall faile & freindship both  
A better frende w<sup>th</sup> thee then goe'th  
Enuy att death shal Cease in Foes  
No Post-hume euel Malice knowes

[p. 579] In transendent hight shal vertue shine  
Wher feet of Enuy Can not clime  
Virtue alone doth death outlive  
As't t'wer againe new life doth giue  
Whilst Goods of Fortune here haue ends  
Virtue alone to heauen assends

[p. 582]

## Nature &amp; Fortune

What thing is nature we may thus define  
God drawst through Beings in directst line  
Wher as in Fortune soe miscal'd by some  
More Crooked is & in Meanders rune  
As Natur's rule by prouidence deuine  
Soe Fortune too in an obstrucre line  
Then Fortune is not blinde as vaine men says  
Tis they are blinde discerning not her wayes

[p. 583]

## The Christian War-fare

The marke of note Gods children here doe beare  
Is from the World's a different Carracter  
He to th'one for portion here beneath  
Doth Losses, Shame & Pouerty bequeath

Yett happy those Aflictions wee account  
 That to the State Eternal doe amount  
 The worldly brood if we Caractrise  
 Th' haue noe Aflictions lye in Paridize  
 Ther Riches here as they desire augment  
 Ther Honors too increase to ther Content  
 But as a dreame these Honers vanish soone  
 And an eternal woe shal take ther Roome  
 As fatt of Lambes away they shall Consume  
 Ther Honor vanish into smoke & fume

[p. 584] T'indure sorrowes & Iniuryes we must  
 (As Scriptures tel) & be to exile thrust  
 Then tis a signe indeed heauen is our choyse  
 When in our Tribulations wee reioyce  
 T'is Gileads pretious Balme & serues to bind  
 The wounds & blowes w<sup>th</sup> here below we finde  
 Yea happy choyse though thus the World vs treat  
 Seing that in heauen our reward is great  
 The Soulder of that name vnworthy is  
 That trembles att the sight of enimyes  
 Soe is the Christian w<sup>th</sup> that title bear's  
 If he att threats of aduerse destine fear's  
 But w<sup>th</sup> a patient calmness lett's receaue  
 What the Soueraigne hand is pleas'd to giue

[p. 585] The Middle Region or those parts aboue  
 Are least obscurd nor ther doe Tempests moue  
 Soe should our soules be raysd bone Passions sphere  
 Noe Stormes of Tongues Nor Cloudes of enuy feare  
 In fronts of Batailes we our fortunes Sett  
 The Ship at Sea w<sup>th</sup> stormy winds is bett  
 The Pilot scapt from former gusts noe more  
 Feare's ship-wreck now then what he did before  
 The Soulder oft to frequent perills knowne  
 Neglect's the danger that's soe Common growne  
 And soe should we when our Aflictions growe  
 W<sup>th</sup> lenghtned Patience learne to beare them too  
 This Life's a war-fare if sometimes begun  
 To parly w<sup>th</sup> our sorrowes tis soone done  
 And in th' end when hopes begin to Cease

[p. 586] Proues but a Cessation noe Continu'd Peace  
 Whilst through cleare skyes the Sun triumphant rides  
 Vpon a sudden cloudes his splendor hides

Doth health & Pleasure spur our sences on  
 Soon sickness Comes and all delights are gone  
 Such is the State of vs vncertaine men  
 To know in calmes to guide our Vessels then  
 Is not enough, but tis when Tempests rise  
 To steare a Course both Patient, Stout, & Wise  
 Did our misfortunes soe deuide our share  
 As some shee would Aflift & others Spare  
 We might Complaine of her inconstant fitts  
 Bullets as soon th' Captaine as soulder hitts  
 The Feauer to the Great a deafe eare hath

[p. 587] As to the meanest both subuerts by death  
 Soe may the Justice of Impartial fate  
 For Comfort serue vs in our greatest Strait  
 Why doe we enuy then aspiringe Men  
 W<sup>th</sup> Stormes the Vallyes are less troubled then  
 The lofty Hills & humble shrubbs belowe  
 Less danger's in then Oakes that highest growe<sup>1</sup>  
 See we not how the straitest Popler tree  
 And spredinge Elme as they vngratfull be  
 For nurishment) to barreness incline  
 Whilst prostrate on the ground the Crooked vine  
 Abundance yeilds or haue we nott seene  
 From highest plenty men in wants haue beene  
 How many Kings falne from ther Regall seate  
 Haue Crack't their Crownes ther Royal Septers breake  
 [p. 588] Our Wittnesses by cloudes we all may bringe  
 To shew that splendid honours a vaine thinge  
 Should they be ta'ne from vs resolute thus much  
 Ther loss should not be great ther fading's such  
 Should we afflict ourselves when loss appear's  
 Our Teares would sooner want then Cause for teares  
 All you w<sup>th</sup> heauenly Marks of God indued  
 Arme to the fight shew Virtue Fortitude  
 As Rocks 'gainst w<sup>th</sup> the raging billowes rore  
 Keepe firme ther station on the threatened shore  
 Soe let our Soules be firme & Constant still  
 Against the threats this World doth make of Ill  
 Or as a Diamon mongst the dust doth dart  
 The beauty more in itt's resplendent sparke

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Horace, *Carm.* II. 10.

[p. 589] In midst of troubles soe lett vs demeane  
 As Countinances be pleasant Soules serene  
 Remember tis from high Afflictions fall  
 From Prouidence deuine that gouern's all  
 Who when he please in turning of an eye  
 Turn's Wrath to Mercy Sorrows into Joy  
 Tis he who made the firtile Earth produce  
 Her anual fruit most meet for humaine vse  
 He both the Rose & Violets did Cloth  
 Tis he beauty & th'oders gauet to both  
 'Twas his Almighty power that did make fall  
 Att Israels seige the Jereconian Wall  
 That on's Enimyes ruing he might raise  
 Trophy on Trophy to inrich his Prayse

[p. 590] Shal we then those his wonders now less prize  
 Or thinke his Power abat's, or hee less wise  
 No, hee's as able still Nor shall His want  
 Victory on Standards Glory on ther front

[p. 590] Life & Death Compared together

Such vulgar thoughts the World doe fill  
 To thinke Life good Death only ill  
 Then life ill liued noe euell's worse  
 Death (dieing well) remoues the Curse  
 And tis for certaine truth men tell  
 He ne're dies ill that liueth well  
 Ill liues doe but ther Ills increase  
 But dieng well makes Euells Cease

[p. 591] Badd men haite death but not soe much  
 That itt is Ill, as They are such  
 Moral Men teache vs in their bookees  
 That we should dispise death's grime lookes  
 Tis Comon sence w<sup>ch</sup> doth inspire  
 Ther feares of thatt Good men desire  
 Nor Can we truly death define  
 By makinge odious what's sublime  
 Consider't in th' effects & soe itt will  
 Plead much for death be't Good or Ill  
 Say itt be Ill yett here's the Good  
 To greater Ills it giues a period  
 In life what one good thinge is ther

[p. 592] To keepe our Passions Regular  
 The many Ills each day is done  
 Makes Death less fear'd but once to come  
 But rather thanke Death that's the Cause  
 Our Ills are not Immortal Lawes

[p. 592] Vpon a Fontaine  
 Seest thou how these waters flowe  
 How soone againe away itt glides  
 Soe worldly Glory's but a shewe  
 That nener long w<sup>th</sup> vs abides<sup>1</sup>

[p. 593] Vpon the New-built  
 House att Apleton  
 Thinke not ô Man that dwells herein  
 This House's a Stay but as an Imme  
 W<sup>ch</sup> for Conuenience fittly stands  
 In way to one nott made w<sup>th</sup> hands  
 But if a time here thou take Rest  
 Yett thinke Eternity's the Best

[p. 594] Shortness of Life  
 In Rosy morne I saw Aurora red  
 But when the Sun his beames had fully spred  
 She vanisht I saw a Frost then a Dew  
 Twixt time soe short as scarce a time I knew  
 This stranger seemd when in more raised thought  
 I saw Death Come How soone a life he'dad Caught  
 Wher in the turninge of an eye he'dad done  
 Farre Speedier execution then the Sun

<sup>1</sup>

Pour une Fontaine  
 Vois tu, passant, couler cette onde  
 Et s'ecouler incontinent ?  
 Ainsi fuit la gloire du monde  
 Et rien que Dieu n'est permanent

Malherbe.

[p. 595]

## Epitaph on A V dieng Younge

O what affront was itt to Nature  
 And sadder Influence of the Skyes  
 That in a moment clos'd the Eyes  
 Of such a machless Creature  
 But askinge what might be the Reason  
 That Creuel Fate soe out of season  
 Had Caried her from vs soe farre  
 This Answer was to me returnd  
 Least that the Earth should bee burnd  
 By th' scorching beames of that bright starr

[p. 596]

The Lady Caryes  
 Elogy on my deare Wife

O Fatal fall might not those heapes suffice  
 This Suiñer Captiu'd but thou must surprize  
 The best of Nobels this soe great good Lady  
 A Vere A Fairfax Honours-Honour, Shee  
 Did grace her Birth Sex Relate & Degree  
 & Shee a Non-parell for Piety  
 Vers't in the Theory of Godliness  
 The w<sup>ch</sup> she did in Conference express  
 Its Practick part her life to life did shew  
 Each way but most excellinge in all vew  
 Was Faith Submission vnweared pleasantnes

[p. 597]

With vniuersal weaknes, Paine Sickness  
 Many longe lasting Great few euer sence  
 Soe followed Job in suffringe Patience  
 But she is now most gloriously exalted  
 Wher sin & sorrow neuer entred  
 To Mount Zion heauenly Jerusalem  
 The City of God to Sperits of Just men  
 To Church of the first borne to Angels blest  
 To God to Jesus this Compleats the rest  
 Her Faith saw this w<sup>ch</sup> made her smile att death  
 And w<sup>th</sup> much Joy surrendred vp her breath  
 Her Body deare her All that's out of Heauen  
 To Billbrough church as a riche Treasure's giuen  
 Bilbrough church-yeard daine me a little roome  
 That after death my graue waite on her Tombe.

[p. 598]

## To the Lady Cary

Vpon her Verses on my deare Wife

Madam

Could I a Tribute of my thanks express  
 As you haue done in loue & purer Verse  
 On my best selfe then I might Justly raise  
 Your Elogy t'Encomiums of your Praye  
 And soe forgett the Subiect that did moue  
 Me to a thankfulnes as't did you to loue  
 Ô t'were to great a Crime but pray allow  
 Wher I fall short but you haue reached to  
 Makinge that Good wisest of Kings hath said  
 Th' Liuing's not soe Preyse-worthy then the dead  
 I thinke the Reason's this its grounded on  
 'Cause Mercys are not priz'd till they are gone

[p. 599] O had not hopes surpast my grosser sence  
 My loss Could not haue had a recompence  
 Yett such an Influence hath your happy straine  
 To bring my buried Joy to life againe  
 Vertue Goodnes Loue things Immortalize  
 The better part when as the other dies  
 True, Soules in Bodyes haue ther being here  
 But Loues in Soules haue ther ther proper Sphere  
 Then is true loue Compos'd of Nobler fyers  
 Then to extinguish when the Life expires  
 Butt to Conclude Madam me think you 'spire  
 In humblest Thoughts to raise your Trophys higher  
 Then Her's you would attend in gelid Mould  
 W<sup>ch</sup> for her Friend the lodging seemes too Could

[p. 600] But were itt soe itt my good happ might bee  
 To lye next Her, To you our Quire is free

[p. 600]

## On the Fatal day

Jan: 30 1648

Oh lett that Day from time be blotted quitt  
 And lett beleefe oft in next Age be waued  
 In deepest silence th' Act Concealed might  
 Soe that the King-doms Credit might be sauad

But if the Power deuine permitted this  
His Will's the Law & ours must acquiesce

Curæ loquuntur leues  
Ingentes stupent

[p. 601]

## Of Impartial Fate

Here we all the Same Danger run  
By the like Destin's we are ledd  
Same Misfortune to the Shepeard Come  
May attack as well the Crowned head  
Our dayes are Spun vpon that wheele  
The meanest Subiect & greatest Kinge  
To like end th' Fatal Sisters bringe  
The thread when Cutt both same Sisers feele

[f. 604]

A Carracter of the Romish  
Church by Francisco Petrarca  
Laura Can: 106

Fiamma dal ciel su tue treccie pioua

Heauens dire flame sits on thy Curled tresses  
O wretch, from scrip & wallet who's become  
Both riche & great through those w<sup>th</sup> thou oppresses  
Soe much reioyces thou when euells Come  
A nest of Treasons wher mischeifes bredd  
Ther hacht in the o're the World is spred

Wine Bed good Belly chere & pleasant dayes  
To All, thy whoredoms to the vttmost shews  
[p. 605] Thy seruants younge & old the wanton playes

This fire w<sup>th</sup> bellowes Bel-ze-bub blowes  
Such is thy life thou wicked Epicure  
As to the Heauens thy stinch is gone vp sure

Fountaine of Greefe & woe wraths harbor too  
Temple of Heresy Pitt of Errors deepe  
In elter times we held thee Rome but now  
Babel the peruerse for w<sup>th</sup> wee weepe  
A shopp of Cousnage prison of Crueltyes  
Wher ills mentaind & wher Goodnes dyes

When founded first wast humble Poore & Chast  
 Thy hornes against thy Founders now thou lifts  
 [p. 606] O shameles Strumpet wher's thy trust now plast  
 Is't in th' Adultryes ill gott Goods or Shiffts  
 Then vnto All great wonder itt will bee  
 If Christ in th' End powre nott his wrath on thee<sup>1</sup>

[Fiamma dal ciel su le tue trecce piova,  
 Malvagia, che dal fiume e dalle ghiande,  
 Per l'altru' impoverir se' ricca e grande;  
 Poichè di mal oprar tanto ti giova:  
 Nido di tradimenti, in cui si cova  
 Quanto mal per lo mondo oggi si spande;  
 Di vin serva, di letti e di vivande,  
 In cui lussuria fa l'ultima prova.  
 Per le camere tue fanciulle e vecchi  
 Vanno trecsando, e Belzebub in mezzo  
 Co' mantici e col foco e con gli specchi.  
 Già non fostù nudrita in piume al rezzo,  
 Ma nuda al vento, e scalza fra li stecchi:  
 Or vivi sì, ch'a Dio ne venga il lezzo.

Fontana di dolore, albergo d'ira,  
 Scola d'errori, e tempio d'eresia;  
 Già Roma, or Babilonia falsa e ria,  
 Per cui tanto si piagne e si sospira.  
 O fucina d'inganni, o prigion dira,  
 Ove 'l ben more, e 'l mal si nutre e cria:  
 Di vivi Inferno; un gran miracol fia,  
 Se Cristo teco altine non s'adira.  
 Fondata in casta ed umil poverate,  
 Contra tuoi fondatori alzi le corna,  
 Putta sfacciata: e dov' hai posto spene?  
 Negli adulterj tuoi, nelle malnate  
 Ricchezze tante? Or Constantin non torna;  
 Ma tolga il mondo triste che 'l sostene.<sup>2</sup>]

<sup>1</sup> See page 245.

<sup>2</sup> These sonnets are not in the MS.

[p. 612] Vpon the Horse w<sup>ch</sup> his Matie  
Rode ypon att his Coronation 1660

Hence then Dispaire my hopes why should itt bury  
Sence this braue Steed Bredd first was in my Query  
Now thus aduanc't w<sup>th</sup> highest honors loden  
Whilst his that bredd him on by most Mens troden  
But t'is noe matter Seing tho' hast gott th' Aduance  
Then please the Royal Rider w<sup>th</sup> thy Prance  
Soe may thy Fame much rayse thy Prayses higher  
Then Chessnut that begott the or Brid-la-dore his Sire

Bridla-dore (Anglicè)  
Golden Bridle

[p. 613] Vulgar Proverbs

None to another freind can be  
That to himselfe's an enimy

[p. 614] Of sence & Money & of Faith  
Where's the Man that too much hath  
Betwixt the Bridle & the Spur  
Reason often lodgeth her

In th' house of Foes prepose this End  
To gett some Woman for thy freind

[p. 615] The Hope of Gaine—Abateth paine  
Wouldst thou have all thy troubles cease  
Then see & heare & hold thy peace  
Lait (doe we say) repents the Ratt  
When by the Neck has hold the Catt  
His thoughts are good & ever best  
That carryes Death w<sup>thin</sup> his brest

[p. 617] A fatt Earth makes a Horse to labour  
But A good Lawyer is an ill Neighbour  
Make Night of Night & Day of Day  
Soe w<sup>th</sup> less sorrow live you may

[p. 618] Pardon to Men that evel be  
Unto the God's an injury

When Pride on horseback getteth upp  
Loss & shame sits on the Croup

[p. 620] He that would live in healthfulnes  
Must dine w<sup>th</sup> little & supp w<sup>th</sup> less

[p. 621] As the evening doth the day comend  
So life is Praysed by the end

[p. 622] Virtue shewes the greater grace  
Shining from a bautious face

[p. 624] Att a rounde Table noe Strife is  
Who shal be nearest a good Dish

Dry March Wett Aprel May that's both  
Brings plenty wher ther is noe sloth

[p. 625] In a fresh gale  
Extend thy Saile

[p. 626] We may be sure still inocence  
Beares in it selfe its owne defence

[p. 627] To read & yitt to have learn'd nought  
Is like the chase wher nothing's caught

[p. 628] Tis good we should the tongue comand  
Speake litle & more understand  
For if from us our words once fall  
It is too laite them to recall

Humaine Praise—Is a vaine blaze

[p. 631] Sett on a Seat a Foole e're longe  
Hele wagg his Legges or sing a songe

[p. 633] Nature made nothing so sublime  
Butt Virtue to the topp will clime

When a whit frost on earth doth lie  
Tis a presage then raine is nie

[p. 635] On a womans first Counsel rest  
Seldome the Second is the best

Bread Butter & good Cheese  
A shield 'gainst death be al these

Pardon give to every one  
But to thyselfe alow none.

[p. 637] When Italy is w<sup>th</sup>out Fish  
When France w<sup>th</sup>out Treason is  
In England longe noe war we see  
Then w<sup>th</sup>out Earth the World shall bee.

[p. 638] My contry is in all lands wher  
I goe & meet w<sup>th</sup> true friends ther.

[p. 641] The teares of France for the  
deplorable death of Henry 4  
surnamed the Great

Ah is itt then Great Henry soe fam'd  
For taming men himselfe by death is tam'd  
Whatt eye his glory saw now his sad doome  
But must desolue in Teares sigh out his Soule  
Soe small a shred of Earth should him intombe  
Whos acts deseru'd pocession of the whole

O tis but fitt for joyes we henceforth mourne  
Our songes & mirth into sad plaints we turne  
Instead of this great King greefe may raigne here  
So thatt in sorrow plung'd our fainting breath  
May send our endless sighs to th'highst Sphere  
Whilst hopless teares distill vpon the earth

[p. 642] Yis itt is fitt what else can we returne  
Butt teares as offrings to his sacred vrne  
W<sup>th</sup> them his Sable Marble tombe bedew  
No no such armes too weake sence itt apeares  
For vs he of his blood too careless grew  
Hane we naught else for him butt a few teares

O could our eyes to fontains we distill  
T' Would nott abaite the least part of our ill  
We oft shed teares for simple wrongs oft weepe  
Too Comon oft for things of lesser prise  
Then lett vs die att this great Monarchs feet  
His Tombe th' Alter, our selues, the sacrifice

But who can die if Sisters Fate denies  
A closure to our half death trickling eyes  
Hauing shut vp those of this warrlike Prince  
Atropos so proud's of her royal pray  
Her Cypriſs into laurels will turne, Sence  
Of this great Victor she hath gott the day

[p. 643] But sence we are ordain'd to sigh & lyme  
And after this ther faitall stroke then givē  
Lyme then complaining this sad shock of Fate  
Wher happy days are gone, no ioy appeares  
Then mourne & sigh till death our greefe abate  
And shew whilst living, Life shal wast in teares

[<sup>1</sup> Quoi? faut-il que Henri, ce redouté monarque,  
Ce dompteur des humains, soit dompté par la Parque?  
Que l'œil qui vit sa gloire ores voye sa fin?  
Que le nostre pour lui incessamment dégoutte?  
Et que si peu de terre enferme dans son sein  
Celui qui méritoit de la posséder toute?

Quoi? faut-il qu'à jamais nos joies soyent esteintes?  
Que nos chants et nos ris soyent convertis en plaintes?  
Qu'au lieu de nostre roi le deuil règne en ces lieux?  
Que la douleur nous poigne et le regret nous serre?  
Que sans fin nos sousoirs montent dedans les cieux?  
Que sans espoir nos pleurs descendant sur la terre?

Il le faut, on le doit. Et que pouvons-nous rendre  
Que des pleurs assidus, à cette auguste cendre?  
Arrousons à jamais son marbre triste blanc.  
Non, non, plustost quittons ces inutiles armes!  
Mais puisqu'il fut pour nous prodigue de son sang,  
Serious-nous bien pour lui avares de nos larmes?

Quand bien nos yeux seroyent convertis en fontaines,  
Ils ne sauroyent noyer la moindre de nos peines.  
On espanche des pleurs pour un simple meschef.  
Un devoir trop commun bien souvent peu s'estime.  
Il faut doncques mourir aux pieds de nostre chef.  
Son tombeau soit l'autel et nos corps la victime

Mais qui pourroit mourir? Les Parques filandières  
Desdaignent de toucher à nos moites paupières,  
Ayans fermé les yeux du prince des guerriers.  
Atropos de sa proye est par trop glorieuse;  
Elle peut bien changer ses cyprès en lauriers,  
Puisque de ce vainqueur elle est victorieuse.

Puisqu'il nous faut encor et soupirer et vivre,  
Puisque la Parque fuit ceux qui la veulent suivre,  
Vivons donc en plaignant nostre rigoureux sort,  
Nostre bonheur perdu, nostre joye ravie;  
Lamentons, soupirons, et jusques à la mort  
Tesmoignons qu'en vivant nous pleurons nostre vie.

<sup>1</sup> See page 246. This is not in the MS.

Bewaile bewaile this our great Monarchs fall  
 Of Judgment perfait humour pleasing all  
 His equal none a Hart w<sup>th</sup>out all feare  
 Perfection such t'would but fall short in prayse  
 Enough to' aue serued a World to' aue admird here  
 Had nott his equal Justice bound his wayes

Lament lament this Sage & Prudent King  
 Thatt hight of Bonty, vigelence in him  
 Thatt hart w<sup>ch</sup> could be mou'd not ouercome  
 Virtues here rarely found though we inquire  
 Parts I could sooner much admire then sunē  
 Sence this Achilis a Homer would require

[p. 644] We cañott count the Splendours of his Glorys  
 Nor number yitt his signal victorys  
 O no for such a subiect were too great  
 We aught to prayse what yitt we cannot write  
 And hold our peace or to good purpose speake  
 He nothing saith doth not to th' full recite  
 His famous acts once raisd our drouping heads  
 His Laurels from the temples was our shades  
 End of his Combats ended feares wee're in  
 Him only pris'd dispis'd all other Powers  
 More gloring to be subiect to this King  
 Then if we'd had some other Kings for ours  
 But now this Glory's clouded w<sup>th</sup> a staine  
 And now our joy & Mirth ther leaue hath taine  
 The Lillys faide as we att this sad Fate  
 Downe to the growne ther drouping heads doe bowe  
 Seeming as humble as Compassionate  
 To crowne his Tombe or else him homage doe

[pp. 645, 646 are blank]

Plaignons, pleurons sans fin cet esprit admirable,  
 Ce jugement parfait, cet' humeur agréable,  
 Cet hercule sans pair aussi bien que sans peur,  
 Tant de perfections qu'en loüant on souspire.  
 Qui pouvoient asservir le monde à sa valeur,  
 Si sa rare équité n'eust borné son Empire.

Regrettions, soupirons cette sage prudence,  
 Cette extrême bonté, cette rare vaillance,  
 Ce cœur qui se pouvoit fleschir et non dompter.  
 Vertus de qui la perte est à nous tant amère  
 Et que je puis plustost admirer que chanter,  
 Puisqu' à ce grand Achille il faudroit un Homère.

• • • • •  
 Pourroit-on bien conter le nombre de ses gloires?  
 Pourroit-on bien nombrer ses insignes victoires?  
 Non, d'un si grand discours le dessein est trop haut.  
 On doit louer sans fin ce qu'on ne peut escrire,  
 Il faut humble se taire ou parler comme il faut,  
 Et celui ne dit rien qui ne peut assez dire.

• • • • •  
 Jadis pour ses beaux faits nous eslevions nos testes,  
 L'ombre de ses lauriers nous gardoit des tempes,tes,  
 La fin de ses combats finissoit nostre effroi.  
 Nous nous prisions tous seuls, nous mesprisions les autres,  
 Estant plus glorieux d'estre subjects du roi  
 Que si les autres rois eussent esté les nostres.

Maintenant nostre gloire est à jamais ternie,  
 Maintenant nostre joye est pour jamais finie;  
 Les lys sont atterez et nous avecques eux.  
 Dafné baisse, chétive, en terre son visage,  
 Et semble par ce geste, humble autant que piteux,  
 Ou couronner sa tombe ou bien lui faire hommage.]

<sup>1</sup> Fairfax omits a stanza here.



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